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THE
MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

SEPTEMBER 1867.

Volume XX.

W. P. ATKINSON, Editor.

Number Nine.

“WHAT VIOLETS TEACH.”

*Class poem, delivered at the graduating exercises of the State Normal School, at
Salem, July 11, 1867.*

BY MARY R. ELIOT, OF NEW BEDFORD.

Broad and brown the meadow lay
In the light of the April sun ;
The frost was scarcely melted away,
The spring-time was just begun ;
Where they ploughed up the ground this first warm day,
And dropped in the seeds one by one.

Along the edge of the meadow wall
Some little flowerets grew, —
The wind's god-children — wind-flowers small,
And sweet wood violets blue ;
And yellow five-fingers, under them all,
Were nearly hidden from view.

The seeds soon burst their shining shell
And tiny green leaves came forth,
Right happy in leaving their dreary cell
In the heart of the Mother Earth ;
And the sunbeams loved the sight so well
That they danced together for mirth.

The wind-flowers blossomed and bore their fruit,
 And their leaves grew rank and tall;
 The five-fingers lost their golden suit,
 And their vines grew under the wall;
 But still far down by the grass's root,
 Blossomed the violets small.

One day when the air was warm and sweet,
 As if blown o'er new-mown hay,
 Step by step came small bare feet
 To where the violets lay; —
 Carefully came through the growing wheat,
 Daintily picking their way.

"Nothing but leaves, my bonnie lass,"
 The plaintive zephyr sighs;
 But blue seeks blue as over the grass
 Wander those laughing eyes;
 And blue finds blue ere on they pass, —
 For the violets sweet she spies.

The child sank down on the carpet green,
 Till her long curls touched the ground;
 A picture fair it was, I ween,
 For a painter to have found —
 That waving hair with its golden sheen,
 The blue eyes glancing round.

She leaned on her hand her dimpled cheek,
 And tossed back her falling hair.
 Now, pray what does the lassie seek,
 That unmoved she sitteth there?
 Now, hark! what words does the lassie speak,
 To the listening violets fair?

"Violets,
 Little pets,
 Do you know your beauty gets
 No praise?
 Why this doom
 There to bloom
 Unnoticed all your days?
 Flowers blue,
 Do not you
 Wish your share of sunbeams too?"

“ Violets,
 Blue-eyed pets,
 Pray, who so unjustly lets
 This grass
 Proudly smile
 In sunlight, while
 O'er you no bright rays pass ? ”

“ Little maiden, in this world of God's creation
 Light and shade both come and go,
 As God listeth, as God willeth ;
 In a day a desert or a mighty nation
 Is the country round us, — and we know
 That it is God's will it should be so.

“ From the great, bright sun that golden beams above us
 Come the flower's life and heart ;
 God has so decreed, established ;
 Day by day, the laughing, dancing rays that love us
 Health and strength and gracefulness impart,
 As they playfully around us dart.”

“ But violets,” the maiden cried,
 “ No sunny ray falls here ;
 You grow forever in the shade,
 Through all the long, long year ;
 From whence, then, come the life and strength
 That form your flowers dear ? ”

“ Little maiden, only nine short years of sunlight,
 On thy locks have shed their gold.
 Ere those ringlets pale to silver,
 Little lassie, with nine times nine years of moonlight,
 Ere those dimpled hands are thin and cold,
 Thou wilt learn this truth, yet new though old.

“ Morning, noontide, evening sunbeams gently streaming
 From the sun's great ball of light,
 Wander on their way of mercy,
 Casting lustre round them as they onward beaming
 Bring the little flowers colors bright,
 Guard them carefully from chance of blight.

“ But though some sweet flowers, lifting little faces
 Gladdened by the sun's bright ray,
 Blossom bright-eyed and light-hearted,

There are many darksome, sunless, gloomy places
Where are buds and blooms as fair as they,
Growing in the shadow day by day.

“For the waving trees, the grass blades, or the flowers
Which the sunlight intercept,
Shading others from its blessings,
Know that they would selfishly misuse their powers
Given by God, if all the life they kept
Of the sunbeams which around them crept.

“So each tree, or flower, or blade to which is granted
Growth in sunlight unobscured,
Of its life-heat part reflecteth
To the humbler flower or blade in darkness planted.
So are life and happiness secured ;
So is shade not ill to be endured.

“Little lassie, when thy heart is full of gladness
With God's sunshine satisfied,
Turn one moment in thy beauty
Where some little way-side flower, bowed in sadness,
Weeps to find its happiness denied ;
Touched with sympathy, thy light divide !”

The violets ceased their murmurs soft ;
But still the child bent o'er them,
Eagerly gazing with longing eyes
As if she would implore them
To speak their lessons in words more plain,
That a child in her heart might store them.

But the flowers vouchsafed no farther word
To the blue eyes mutely pleading ;
So she listened a while as a robin chirped
To her young she had just been feeding,
And she watched for a moment a cloud's white fleece,
O'er the heavens swiftly speeding.

The cloud sailed on to the far-off west ;
The robin's song was ended ;
Too ardent the rays which the summer's sun
With her golden ringlets blended ;
A butterfly bright flew over the wheat ;
So, with one last look at the violets sweet,
Her homeward way she wended.

Nine times had the reapers mowed the wheat,
As the harvest-time came round ;
Nine times had the spring days come anew,
And they ploughed the thawing ground :
The seeds had been sown for the tenth gold crop,
Ere the flowers again were found.

One day as the sun was sinking fast
From sight o'er the western sky,
There was heard the rustle of little feet,
Through the wheat that grew close by ;
There was seen the glimmer of golden hair
As a maiden fair drew nigh.

Though many a moon had waxed and waned,
In her locks no silver grew ;
For the nine bright years of the summer sun
Had but darkened their golden hue ;
And yet she had learned the lesson sweet
Of the tuft of violets blue.

For no little head was bowed in grief,
But she soothed the aching brow.
'Twas a bright, bright sunbeam from God's own world
Had come to the earth below.
And she stooped and kissed the violets sweet
For the truth she had learned to know.

The sun had sunk 'neath the western sky
All crowned with a glory splendid,
And the clouds that followed to bid him speed
With scarlet and gold were blended.
But — the sound of a whistle came over the wheat ;
So, with one last look at the violets sweet,
Her homeward way she wended.

GIRLS.

*An Essay read at the graduating exercises of the Bridgewater
Normal School, July 19, 1867.*

BY LIZZIE A. WINWARD, OF FALL RIVER.

How can I define the word for you ? I have searched the dictionaries through and through, and nowhere can I find what I want. The favorite definition with them all seems to be that a

girl is a "young woman." I ask you candidly now, if that is your idea of the word? *A young woman!* A girl is *not* a woman; so she cannot be either an old or a young woman.

As I could not find the definition, I bethought myself of the derivation, thinking that there certainly I might find an idea, and this was the result: The word appeared to be of doubtful origin, but one learned man suggested that it was from the Latin, meaning "prating," because they are usually so talkative. Another, equally ingenious, found it in the Italian, meaning "weathercock," because of their fickleness. Fertile imaginations these persons certainly must have possessed. Why, then, did they not use them in giving a similar meaning to the word "boy," which is also of doubtful origin? Did it never occur to any of them that "boy" might be derived from some word signifying "rough" or "stubborn"? On this point the "Unabridged" are silent. I wonder how it would have been if *women* had made the dictionaries!

But now an old familiar sound reminds me I am working in the wrong direction. "Illustration!" By all means! "Illustration before definition" is a normal principle to which all should attend. The famous Burke, in speaking of a certain age, called it "trifling, futile, worse than ignorant; like the politics and morals of *girls* rather than men." This was all the illustration I found, for it was so little encouraging that I looked no further, but concluded that "girl" must be an *intuitive idea*. But if *she* is not an intuitive idea, many of *her ideas* certainly are.

You will find her quicker witted than her brother. She is readier with an answer if you question them, and if she does not know she will very likely guess at it. He is stronger than she; yet what she cannot accomplish by force, she does by strategy.

"He who has no hands,
Perforce must use his tongue.
Foxes are so cunning,
Because they are not strong."

She at once takes to dolls. Oh! the joy and trouble that these same dolls bring her. Every little scrap of lace and ribbon is saved, and made to do duty. Every spare moment is spent in dressing and adorning her treasures. And here perhaps she

obtains some of her love for dress and fashion which she displays so decidedly in later years. Yet her love for these is not born with her dolls, but with herself. Naturally she loves the beautiful. She early begins to show a fondness for flowers; and many a handful of violets and Mayflowers, daisies and buttercups, does she pick to carry to mother or sister.

When she begins to go to school a great change takes place in her nature. She has entered a new world; a *little* world, yet *great* in its effects upon her. She now displays more strongly her selfishness and generosity, for she has plenty of both. In the playground are carried on party strifes as important to her and no more foolish than the party strifes in the great world outside.

Then from the lower she passes to a higher school, and the same motives and feelings actuate her here. She has the same prejudices and fears, only a little more decided. She is not as changeable, and more studious.

While attending school, her parents and friends, who are always anxious to secure her comfort, remove all necessity for physical exertion. She is allowed to sit up late and to sleep away the morning hours, until she really does look pale and thin, for want of the sunlight and exercise. And then her friends begin to complain of the school and the teacher, and say it is a wicked shame to make scholars study so; enough to kill them. Wherever she goes it is, "Guess they make you study too hard at your school! Awful strict, ain't they?" And so it is. Whenever any girl or boy becomes feeble and spiritless, for want of attention to the laws of health, especially to *exercise*, the whole blame is laid upon the schools.

Then she knows so much about political affairs. If you ask her when the Legislature of her own State meets, she will certainly tell you she don't know, or she guesses it is on the first Monday in December. She does not suppose she needs to know about such things. No one ever told her so; and then what if she ought? Did not the teacher ask one of the boys in her class, the other day, the same question, and he answered "the Fourth of July?" But she can tell you what the national colors are, for at the last Presidential election all the girls wore rosettes of the same; and she

probably will say to you that they don't match, red and blue don't.

And thus her life goes on, year by year: much in her that is good is confirmed, and much that is bad; until she enters womanhood, warm-hearted and impulsive, with many faults and many virtues. By the impressions she has received at home and at school, she is now partly moulded; not yet *fully*. In her words and actions you may trace the outline of what she is to be. As in the sculptor's studio, you see the block of marble but yet half cut, where you may trace the outline of the figure which is to be brought forth. Beautiful it can and may be, according as the artist has the power, with careful and ready fingers, to give expression to the thought within his soul.

And so the girl is to be finished. And if the hands which do the work, are but capable of fine touches, and carefully guided by a loving heart, she may be made a perfect woman, true and noble.

'Tis true, indeed, that girls do have many foolish notions, and all of them are the result of their education. One is this: that women are like tender vines clinging to the strong oak; that they have no strength in themselves, and will fall if not supported. And pray, where do girls get such a notion as this? Half of the stories with which they meet, half of the so-called poetry they read contains this false idea in one form or another. And they grow up probably believing this nonsense—for nonsense it is—and accordingly think it their first and only duty to look for some strong oak to cling to, which of course they don't expect to find in their brother, or father, even. Now is this true? *Can* no woman stand of herself? Facts go to prove that half of them have to do it, and facts are stubborn things.

The heroine of many of the stories they read is very beautiful, and never has anything to do, but sit and wait for her destiny; or now and then she is some extremely poor young lady, who paints marvellous pictures or writes a book which astonishes the world and brings her a great fortune. And most of the girls try and imitate the former, or wish *they* could write a book which would astonish every one and make them rich. Probably if they tried it they *would* astonish every one (though not with the loftiness of their

thought), but as to the *riches*, I fear they would take unto themselves wings.

Or they think that they would like to be Joan of Arc, or Madame Roland. Don't encourage them in such ideas, or tell them if they study hard and are good girls they will be a second Joan of Arc. You know that they will probably be nothing of the sort. We do not find such persons every century, nor do we wish to find them. But teach them to be *women* in every sense of the word, no more, nor less. Show them that they have a work to do, which they can never *dream* out, but must *act* out. Educate them so that they shall not, as so many thousands are doing, sit idly dreaming of the pleasant future, of the good they will do and the praise they will win in it; while the months and years pass silently away, bearing with them the very opportunities of which they dream; that they shall not stand watching the reapers in God's great fields, unheeding that the sun is now high in the heavens, and that their work is waiting. The work may be in the valley, or on the mountain top; to plant or to reap. We cannot all be high, else we would not know what the high is. And let those in the valley know, that, though their night is long and the daylight short, they do not have to bear the scorching sun-rays that fall on those above them. "The solemn shadow of the cross is better than the sun."

We cannot all reap; some must plant. And, though the seed sown may be long in the earth, though men withhold their praise, and no prizes fall to us in the world's great fair, we have that within us which is beyond all earthly praise or prize — the knowledge that the work we do is God's work for us, and He will not withhold the reward.

Teach the girls these things. Let them

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that great forever,
One grand, sweet song."

OUR SCHOOLS.

[From the *Cambridge Chronicle*. The evils described are, we fancy, far from being peculiar to Cambridge.]

The discussion of the question of corporal punishment in schools has raised the wider question what are the best measures to take for their general improvement. That they need improvement, especially in the lower grades, no one I presume would be disposed to deny. To abolish corporal punishment immediately by vote, is the course advocated by one party; to abolish it by far-reaching measures whose tendency shall be to elevate the schools above the necessity of its employment is the method recommended by others. And foremost among these methods would seem to be the furnishing of proper accommodations for our schools. To put a mob of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty little children into an old vestry, furnished with a few benches, and to introduce a young woman and say to her — "There is your school — keep it, but be sure you employ no discipline stronger than moral suasion" — this I submit is a course which comes under the head of cruelty to teachers. To pack children into the attic of a wooden school-house with one narrow stairway — an attic where it is only possible to stand upright in the middle of the floor; to march children all day to and fro through the room of one teacher in this attic (for there are two) in order that they may reach the garret of the other, and to call this a school, is to do injustice to excellent and faithful teachers, and subject the city to a danger of prosecution for the maintenance of a nuisance. To seat rows of babies side by side in uncomfortable little chairs with nothing to do, and to expect that they will not surreptitiously pull each other's hair for want of more improving occupation, betrays a very great lack of knowledge of the philosophy of human baby nature on the part of educational authorities; and to blame a young woman who fails of preserving order in such a little crowd, even with the help of an assistant hearing lessons in a closet, is to blame her for failing in a most difficult and delicate task which no one has ever taken the pains to teach her to do rightly.

"If I could only get hold of ——," a most excellent gentleman who shall be nameless — I heard such a young lady say, "and make *him* keep my school, one week!" To keep children in a room which looks like a jail, spelling columns of words which they don't understand, by the hour together, varying it with everlasting drill on abstract numbers for which they don't care, and reading about good little boys and naughty little boys in a reading-book of which they are heartily tired, is not the way to make the first steps of learning delightful, or school so pleasant that nothing but kindness shall be needed in it.

Taking advantage of the school regulation which allows it, I have sent several of the primary teachers of Ward One, to visit some of the excellent primary schools and the admirable training-school in Boston, and they have returned saying with justice — We, too, could do better if we could have such help. Primary schools carefully graded, teachers with classes of moderate size, each in her own room, in airy and handsome buildings, every scholar, even to the smallest, with his own little desk and his own little slate, constant occupation varied with light gymnastics and vocal exercises — when we provide all this, we may expect of untrained teachers better results. Till we do provide it, I submit that we should be very tolerant of shortcomings, and admire as much as it deserves, the success of the many faithful teachers who, even now, do so well.

There is another fact which it seems to me very essential that we should learn, and that is, that skill in the art of elementary teaching does not come by nature. The popular opinion seems to be, that any young woman is competent to teach a primary school, or the elementary classes of a grammar school, who is a graduate of the High School, and who needs employment. The truth is that the art of elementary teaching is a difficult art — perhaps the most difficult of all branches of teaching; to do it really well, requires superior qualifications in the teacher, and special training for the work. Unfortunately the opportunity for the last is not yet furnished to many of our young women. I hope the time is coming when it will be considered indispensable; meantime let us have trained teachers when we can get them. It certainly does not

follow that a teacher will be successful because she is a graduate of a Normal or Training School, but she is more likely to be successful. A physician or a lawyer is not certain to be a good physician or a good lawyer because he has been through a professional school, — he must have brains, and aptitude for his calling; but he is certainly much *more* likely to make a good physician or lawyer, for having had a special professional training. This is true of teachers.

Two vacancies in the primary schools of Cambridge have recently been filled, one by the appointment of a graduate of the Boston Training School, the other with a graduate of a Normal School, neither of them residents of Cambridge, and one not even on the list of candidates. This will disappoint many deserving applicants, but it was thought that the claims of the schools and of the public service should be paramount over every personal consideration. In towns which have superior schools, it will be found that their superiority is due, far more than to any other cause, to the careful selection of teachers.

I do not believe Mr. Editor, that schools can be improved by votes, or by hasty and ill-advised interference. Improvement can only be the result of a careful, persistent and consistent course of action, and must be gradual. And a great deal more can be done for their improvement by helping, than by finding fault with faithful teachers.

A.

THE ABUSE OF THE STUDY OF GRAMMAR.

BY PROF. FRANCIS BOWEN, OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

[We print the following excellent appendix to Prof. Bowen's recent pamphlet on Classical Studies, the more willingly that we are wholly unable to assent to the positions maintained in the pamphlet itself]

If a tolerable proficiency in Latin and Greek could be acquired only by devoting eight or ten wearisome months exclusively to studying the grammar of each of these languages, I should not have a word to say in defence of classical learning. Such an

employment of time appears to me not only injudicious and unnecessary, but almost sinful. It seems of late to have been forgotten among us, that grammar at best is only a subsidiary science, a knowledge of it being valuable, not for its own sake, but as a key to the meaning and structure of sentences, and thereby a necessary introduction to literature. Formerly, we studied grammar in order to read the classics; nowadays, the classics seem to be studied only as a means of learning grammar. Surely a more effectual means could not have been invented of rendering the pupil insensible to the beauties of the ancient poets, orators and historians, of inspiring disgust alike with Homer and Virgil, Xenophon and Tacitus, than to make their words mere pegs on which to hang long disquisitions on the latest refinements in philology, and elaborate attempts to systematize euphonic changes and other free developments of stems and roots. The Germans have corrupted philology as well as philosophy by their ponderous metaphysics; and their latest theories and technicalities have been imported into our school grammars, an acquaintance with them being made a condition precedent to admission to college. A foreigner would make slow progress in learning to read English if he should begin with Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* as a text-book. Yet our grammars have swelled to their present inordinate size in order to include much which perfectly resembles the speculations of Horne Tooke, except that they have not the faintest claim to be regarded as "*Diversions*." Andrews and Stoddard's *Latin Grammar* covers about four hundred closely printed pages, in type so fine as to be injurious to the eyesight; Hadley's or Crosby's *Greek Grammar* contains nearly as much. Instructors complain, and with some reason, that the candidates whom they offer for admission to College are likely to be *conditioned*, as the phrase is, or declared to be insufficiently instructed in grammar, to the great injury of their teacher's reputation, if they have not committed to memory, and been thoroughly drilled in explaining and applying, every paragraph of this vast collection of grammatical theories and niceties.

Over thirty years ago a small abridgment of Mr. Edward Everett's translation of Buttmann's *Greek Grammar*, comprising, to the best of my recollection, not more than one hundred and

eighty openly printed pages, was accepted as a sufficient qualification for admission to the Freshman class; and the amount of Latin Grammar required was proportionately small. Yet at that period the quantity of Latin and Greek studied by undergraduates was at least one-third more than what is now required of them. That this amount was not, in one sense, so *well* studied then as now,—that is, that the student did not acquire so much minute philological information,—may be readily admitted. But in the ability, at the time of graduation, to read and enjoy the Latin and Greek authors, he was considerably in advance, as I believe, of our recent graduates. He had command of a larger vocabulary, had profited by more experience in disentangling difficult constructions, had stored his memory with a larger number of pithy phrases, gnomic sentences and scraps of verse, and had been less injured by the indiscriminate use of *translations*. Classical learning seems to me to have steadily declined in this country of late years, in respect both to the number of its votaries and to its estimation with the public at large, just in proportion as its professors and teachers have diminished the time and effort bestowed on reading the classics, in order to enforce more minute attention to the mysteries of Greek accentuation and the metaphysics of the subjunctive mood. He will do most to revive it who shall be the first to publish, in a volume of not more than three hundred openly printed pages, *all* the grammatical forms and principles *both* of the Latin and Greek languages which are required to qualify a candidate for admission to college, and which will suffice even for the undergraduate studies of nine-tenths of the students. Those who are ambitious to become Scaligers, Bentleys or Porsons, may study the whole of Andrews and Stoddard, or Zumpt, Krüger or Buttmann.*

* [That intelligent observer, the Rev. James Fraser, from whose interesting Report to the British Parliament on American Schools, we propose to draw further extracts for our next number, says on this subject: "The grammars and text-books that are in use seemed to me to be fatal to anything like thorough grounding and intelligent progress. The grammars, 'now grown to a large bulk,' instead of contenting themselves with laying down principles simply and broadly, break these principles up into a multitude of minute rules, cumbering

GLEANINGS.

[We gather our "Gleanings," as well as take our two leading papers, this month from the essays of the young ladies of the graduating classes at our Normal Schools. We only wish that space allowed of our quoting more largely from them, or of giving entire one or two more which would not bear abridgment. Considered as the performances of young women just leaving school, we think that our readers will agree, that the specimens both of prose and poetry which we give do credit to their training.]

WORK. — Go into the city on a winter's morning, and notice the air of restless life that seems to pervade the atmosphere. Men and women are seen hurrying to their places of work. A little later, and shops, markets and streets are filled with a busy, jostling throng, all intent on their daily toil. Go into the country some summer morning, and seating yourself beneath a spreading tree, you will exclaim, "Surely here is quiet and repose!" — but soon, from an adjoining field, you hear a musical tinkle as the mower whets his scythe, and in a moment more the long measured sweep tells you that there, at least, is no rest, but earnest labor. Look into the babbling brook that winds in and out through the green fields, and see the little fishes hurrying to and fro, in search of food. Close by your feet the patient ants are striving to make their dwelling yet more secure. The birds twittering in the branches over your head, the busy hum of the bees, and all the

the memory and scarcely illuminating the understanding; while the editions of the classical authors in common use are worthy of that miserable type introduced, or at least largely propagated, by Professor Anthon, in which all difficulties in the text are smoothed over by a ready-made translation, which supersedes effort at the moment and indisposes to effort in the future. I was so impressed with the defective character of these text-books that when I was at Boston I ventured to write to my friend and old preceptor, Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, and request him to send to the master of the Latin High School a sample packet of his school grammars, etc., that my American friends might see how we manage these things in England"]

sounds which you hear on every side, seem to tell you that you are the only idle thing in this busy world.

Nature is constantly teaching us, in many silent ways, lessons of activity and diligence, seeming to say this is no place for idleness, "all should be earnest in a world like ours."

When God said, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," it sounded to our sinning parents like a curse which should forever hang over them; but could they have looked forward into the future, and seen what work would do for coming generations, that it would be the foundation of happiness, prosperity and true nobility, then indeed would they have thought the curse a blessing in disguise. Milton has finely expressed this idea when he makes Adam say, "On me the curse aslope falls to the ground; with labor I must earn my bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse; my labor will sustain me." In all time, since the creation of the world, the truest and greatest men have been the workers, those who have accomplished most for their fellow-creatures. Jesus himself says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," and the record we have of his life is a written testimony of his words.

One of the most delightful forms of physical labor, it seems to me, is that of the farmer. Away from the bustle and temptations of the city, he is brought into close communion with all that is beautiful and pure in Nature. He it is that watches the seasons in their unvarying course, and knows how to take advantage of the blessings of each. Burns, at once the ploughman and the poet, shows in his writings what an effect his daily study of the workings of Nature had upon him, and may have in some measure upon all.

But labor of the hands is not the only work in this busy world; there are active brains also. The intellectual as well as the physical element goes to make up society, and although its results are not always so perceptible as those of physical labor, yet mental work is as true and necessary as that of the hands.

The brain of the artist teems with glorious images of life and beauty, and guides his skilful hands as he strives to embody them on canvas, or to carve them out of marble. All the great discoveries in science that have been made, or will be made in the

future, are the fruits of nights and days of thought and research. How many devote their whole lifetime to the study of a single science, and then only feel the insignificance of their attainments when compared with the vast field before them. They have their reward, however, in the delight which they feel in having crossed the threshold of knowledge by long and patient labor. . . .

All honest work, if performed with a true and faithful heart, is noble. "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," says the proverb, and we might say whatever is well done is worth doing; and how much happier the world would be if all acted upon this principle, fulfilling the duties of their station to the best of their ability, no matter how trifling and insignificant they may seem. Then would every occupation be dignified, and we should have no more of the feeling that is fast gaining ground in this country, that it is the rank and not the man that is to be respected. — *Marcella A. Hurd (Framingham)*.

VALEDICTORY. — To the reflecting mind there is but one subject that really absorbs its attention, and that is, the mode of living that will result in the truest life. We need teachers and governors to lead us to this mode of directing our thoughts and controlling our actions. By the guiding hand of some skilful teacher, the young mind must be turned from the eager pursuit of sensible things to that labor which leaves its perfecting results upon the mind itself. The young must be taught to have a purpose in living, and to have a plan by which the purpose may be accomplished. That teaching does little for the taught which does not give to them the right method of living. There is no sadder sight on earth than an aimless life. Such a life exhibits undeveloped power, misapplied effort, and unsatisfied desire for something which is beyond the reach even of the understanding to comprehend. Unless we can connect the present with the future by an intelligent faith, and by a proper life in the present prepare for the future life, it would be infinitely better not to live at all. Let there be silence in all the earth rather than have an intelligence in it that does not care to know of its own life, or to provide for its future existence. . . .

This day's exercise brings to a close the term of our instruction at Westfield Normal School. Exceedingly pleasant and delightful

on our part have been the friendships formed, as the natural outgrowth of an association for the pursuit of a common object. Together have we drank at the same fount of knowledge, in sympathy with one another have we encountered the same trials and difficulties, side by side have we performed our daily round of duties, arm in arm have we walked these pleasant streets till the very soil our feet have pressed seems dear to us. But these golden moments and opportunities are now numbered with things of the past. This day marks for us the important change from student to teacher. Our coming here signified in us a purpose, a work for a future life. In our chosen vocation, let us adopt the maxim of the great Philosopher, "to be always and everywhere a learner," as well as teacher. In the beautiful spring-time we behold the fruit-tree putting forth its buds. We know that, before the blossom, there must come the soft showers and the beautiful sunshine of the early summer days. Then, how carefully do we watch the blossom until all the forces of nature have transformed it into the ripened fruit! After the long summer days are past, we rejoice in the rich harvests. So it is to be with our life-work. Let us be sure that good seed is sown; then, as the months and years pass on, and the autumn of our days has come, it may be we shall see the fruits of an honest and useful life. — *Fanny L. Rogers (Westfield).*

POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF TEACHERS. — Has the teacher nothing to do but to teach the child to read and spell, to solve problems in arithmetic, and analyze the sentences which he finds in his reading-book? Is she not bound by the most solemn obligations to herself, to the child, the parent, society, and the government under which she lives, to make it her life-study how she may best co-operate with the parent in teaching the child to know himself, to read the book of nature aright, to solve the great problems of human society, and analyze with a true artist's skill the throbbing pulses of a nation's life? The school should be the counterpart, so far as necessary differences in circumstances will admit, of the well-regulated family, advancing, by its exclusive attention to the education of the young, the highest interests of the whole.

There may not be embryo statesmen in every family or in every school; but there are embryo citizens, and, though some may add

or remove but a single stone, each individual will aid in building up or pulling down the fair structure of a nation's honor. Individuals compose the family, families make the social city and state, and states unite to form the nation, and each individual has a part to play in the great drama of national weal or woe. No one in this busy day of bustling enterprise and clashing opinions of church and state can

"From the loopholes of retreat
Look out upon the world to hear the sound
Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir."

The children of each generation pass, one by one, in endless procession from the home circle and the school, to take their places as judges, governors, senators, legislators, voters and mothers, and they must be educated in everything that will fit them for their responsible offices.

Aristotle says "the most effective way of preserving a state is to bring up the citizens in the spirit of the government; to fashion and, as it were, to cast them in the mould of the constitution." And a more modern writer has called education "the apprenticeship of those who are afterward to take a place in the order of a civil community."

Prussia, so say some of our American savants, owes her political influence to-day more to her excellent public schools than to her needle-guns. The strict discipline which was enforced there manifested itself in the prompt obedience of her soldiers on the bloody battle-field. Perhaps it may be pardonable in friends of our Normal Institutes to trace this excellent discipline a little further back, to that which many of the teachers themselves received in some of the fifty-six Normal Schools of which Prussia may so justly boast.

Let the child be taught to know and choose the right, to scorn injustice, anarchy and crime, to understand and appreciate the laws of his country. Let his patriotism be aroused, cultivated and strengthened, and every power of his being be directed in the right channel, and who can deny that the granite foundation of a government that cannot be shaken has already been laid.—*Jenny E. Tobey (Framingham).*

EMBROIDERY. — The art of embroidery has been a favorite employment of woman in all ages. We read that the queens of other days, surrounded by their maidens, worked at their embroidery-frames the tapestry which adorned their palaces. It seems to have been one of the few ways then open to women by which they could express their love of the beautiful, and must have been much more exclusively followed than at the present day. Now other paths are open to us, by which we may express our love of, and gratify our taste for, the beautiful and bright. The pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter are ready to our hand. The needle and shuttle are left to rust in inaction or moulder in neglect, while the works of the brush and the chisel receive added grace and delicacy from woman's touch; and the generous welcome extended to our gifted sisters, Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer and others, by their brother artists, and the warm admiration with which their works have been received, is sufficient evidence that they have neither unsexed themselves nor stepped outside their proper sphere. . . . Nature, too, has her needle and shuttle; after her own fashion, she is an adept in the art of embroidery. Our physical needs might have been supplied without the embellishments which make this world so beautiful; but, although there are some natures which cannot appreciate the wonderful beauty of the flower, or interpret the language which it speaks to the soul, or rather some conditions of the soul, in which the inner eye and ear seem closed,

" When the cowslip on the river's brim,
A yellow cowslip is to him,
And it is nothing more,"

yet, to other and most hearts, they come with a benédiction, and the simplest cinquefoil by the wayside, "The little yellow cinquefoil that groweth everywhere" touches the heart more truly than many a studied sermon or prolonged exhortation. The physical is but the meaner part; the spiritual must have food as well, and finds it in nature's embroidery.

Nature also gives us most beautiful specimens of her handiwork in the delicate tracery of the butterfly's wing, the gorgeous plumage of the bird; and what embroidered tapestry in princely

hall can compare in beauty of design and delicacy of finish with the exquisite pencillings of the frost king on the lowliest cottage in the land! — *Lillian L. Hayward (Framingham)*.

BOOKS. — Books alone, without thought, will not give strength to the mind, and there may be true cultivation without them; but rightly used, their value is incalculable, — for the folly and the wisdom of men in all ages, terrible warnings and words of sweet encouragement, are bound up in their pages. How many weary hours are enlivened by the quiet humor, or the hearty appreciation of all that is good and noble which beam forth from every page of many good books! How often are the gay and careless roused from thoughtlessness and selfish enjoyments by the wise counsels of some unknown friend! How many a sad heart has been cheered by the comforting words of one who has lain perhaps for centuries in the grave, but who still speaks as with a spirit's voice! Who can number all his printed friends? Certainly, we may conclude, with Sidney Smith, "no furniture so charming as books." Books, delicious books! Books grave and gay, witty and wise, greet us on every hand. The great question is, not what shall I read, but what shall I not read? not what will benefit me most, but what can I best do without? We are more in danger from surfeit than from lack of books. A careful selection is well repaid.

He who maketh a friend of a book, hath always a friend. They do not change. Are you friendless? Here are the wise, the great, the good, ready to become your friends without asking you if you are worthy. Are you weary of life? Be roused to action by the bright example of dead but immortal heroes. Do afflictions press heavily upon you? Look for comfort and hope in the writings of those who know by sad experience of what they speak, and cannot fail to soothe the troubled spirit. Above all, look for comfort and sweet peace in the hour of trial to the oldest and best of all books, the Bible. — *Louise B. Carruth (Framingham)*.

TEACHING. — "We have studied these two years," we say; "now we will put our studies into practice; we have learned theories and methods of teaching; now we will test them." And as we mentally compare these methods, we think with great satis-

faction that we can convince every one that a certain way or plan or book is far the best. We picture to ourselves our model school committee, reluctantly allowing us to try our pet scheme and then overwhelming us with gratitude at its unexpected success, and immediately ordering the same plan to be pursued elsewhere; for every one knows that school committees are proverbially willing to be convinced of new truths.

Now, suppose we try our scheme and it fails utterly; we find that in the school we are teaching other plans are better; that although we still think ours in reality is the best, for some reason (and there may be many) another one will do most good. What are we to do? How are we to fulfil the promises made to ourselves that we would always follow the best? Or, suppose our committee man or the principal under whom we teach, wishes us to try his plan, which is opposed to ours: what shall we do? Shall we give up teaching until we can find a place which suits us? If we do, if we wait until we can find a school which is composed of just the kind of children we wish to teach, which is taught by a principal who thinks just as we do, which is controlled by a committee of the same opinion, we shall never wear ourselves out in the profession. But we do not mean to do anything of the sort. We know that we may be continually thwarted in our plans, disappointed in our scholars, and again and again utterly disheartened. We know that we shall find eminent teachers who will differ from us widely on matters of education, and who will justly bring their years of experience in opposition to our theories. But let us not falter; for although we may have to yield to authority, although we may find our theories far from infallible, if we are earnest in our work, we shall find the essence of our theory, the spirit which made it of worth; and having that spirit, we need not depend upon any one former method. For let us remember that this spirit is not limited to one mode of action. It is found in every kind of teaching which is true and real; to one person it appears in one form, to another person in a different one. To each of us it will come if we seek for it in earnest, and according to our circumstances we may give it shape and character.

In accordance with this spirit, let us ever guard ourselves against

judging harshly any method which another teacher may pursue. We, especially, must be on the alert to destroy the unjust prejudice, that graduates from the Normal School think no one knows good methods as well as they. Of course we have decided how we shall teach certain studies. How could we answer the questions put to us to-day, if we had not? But we claim for ourselves the right to follow a plan exactly opposite the one we have adopted, if we change our views; and we grant to every one else the same right. Let the aim be a true one; other things are of secondary importance and may widely vary.

For the true spirit of teaching is the same as the true spirit of living, which we see in so many different lives; in the invalid who makes her room a refuge for all sorrow, a welcome for all joy; in the busy mother who is never too busy for a word of encouragement or sympathy; in the earnest teacher devoting herself to her work, never losing sight of the nobleness of her calling, never letting routine make of her a hopeless drudge.

We resolve this day, that we will gain this spirit, that by its light we may know the true from the false; though the truth may be veiled in obscurity, and the false appear clothed in wisdom. With this spirit for our talisman, we can test all methods, try all doctrines; and with this to help us, we may form for ourselves a theory which shall prove good in any place and under any conditions. It will lead us farther and farther on in our search for truth, and will enter into our lives, making them more broad and deep and full. It will speak in the words of Schiller —

“Ever onward must thy soul,
’Tis the progress gains the goal;
Ever widen more its bound,
In the Full the clear is found.”

And now, dear classmates, our last day is passing; the daylight will soon give place to darkness; and instead of a school class we shall be merely a number of friends — friends whom the past will ever unite, though the future will so quickly sever.

To many of us this future appears dim and uncertain, and we hesitate before we trust ourselves fully to its keeping. Let us not forget the nobleness of the cause in which this day we have

enlisted, but with our motto before us, with brave hearts and firm steps, let us ever press onward until the heights are gained in triumph, and our earnest consecration has wrought for us a grand Fulfilment. — *Ida M. Eliot (Salem).*

Editor's Department.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

This oldest body of professional teachers in the country held its annual meeting in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on the 31st of July and the 1st and 2d of August. The meeting was well attended by teachers from all the States of New England, and from other States. Papers and lectures were read on School Discipline, by Hosea H. Lincoln, Esq., Master of the Lyman School, Boston; on Teaching as a Profession, by C. O. Thompson, Esq., Master of the Arlington (late West Cambridge) High School; on Reading, by Z. Richards, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; on the Study of Natural History, by the Rev. I. F. Cady; on Right-mindedness, by the Rev. Mr. Miner; a Memorial Address in commemoration of the founders of the Institute, by Elbridge Smith, Esq., Master of the Dorchester High School; on Truancy, by the Rev. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education; and on the proportion in which Knowledge and Discipline should be made the ends of Education, by the Rev. Dr. Hill, President of Harvard College. Most of the papers were followed by discussion, but the chief feature of the meeting was the thorough, earnest and exhaustive debate on the subject of Corporal Punishment. A large number of gentlemen took part in it, teachers of schools of all grades, grammar schools, private schools, high and normal schools, and from many different parts of the country, as well as superintendents and controllers of schools; and it is hardly too much to say that the opinion of the professional teachers present was nearly if not quite unanimously expressed in the vote of thanks to Mr. Lincoln for his able paper, and in the following resolution offered by Mr. Stebbins, Master of the Springfield High School, and passed with hardly a dissenting voice:

"*Resolved*, That while we believe the best methods of school discipline are those which involve the most kindness and the least severity, provided they answer the true ends of government, we still believe that the interests of our schools would be sacrificed rather than promoted by legislative restrictions in regard to methods of discipline."

Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, was present by invitation, and addressed the meeting at considerable length. He did not venture, however, to advocate the abolition of corporal punishment, but spoke only with reference to the punishment of girls. With the general tenor of his views we believe all teachers would be in entire sympathy; but when it comes to practical legislation we be-

lieve that the sense of the meeting would be better expressed by the resolution given above. Giving all due consideration to Dr. Wyman's chivalrous defence of the female sex, and to those physiological considerations which borrow added weight by coming from a member of the medical profession so widely known and so universally respected, we yet think that Dr. Wyman has only to visit schools in his own neighborhood to find females *not* marked by the nice sensibilities and delicate refinement of character which he would have teachers always associate with their ideas of the sex. He, a medical man, who never taught a public school an hour, should remember that he sees women, even the rudest and coarsest, under circumstances the most favorable for bringing out all that is soft and feminine in their characters. We do not admire the corporal punishment of girls any more than he does, but we could show him schools where we should be very loath to take the power to inflict it out of the hands of the master. The head of a great school composed of a thousand girls of all ages from five to eighteen, and all from the lowest classes of the population of a great city, said to us the other day: "I have not struck a blow in my school this winter; but the occasion for it may arise to-morrow, and then I shall not hesitate to exercise my power." How long in such a school, if the power should be taken away, would it be before the exercise of it would be needed? "I have kept one school for twenty-four years," said to us a grammar master from another city, "and in all that time I never saw such a spirit of insubordination among my boys as I have been seeing lately." We leave it to our readers to judge how far that spirit has been fostered by the foolish talk these boys have lately been hearing from their parents. Again, in the case of primary schools (and such primary schools, we are sorry and ashamed to say, as we have described on another page), was a school committee wrong in hesitating to add to the already unreasonable labors of the teachers by discriminating by regulations between naughty little boys and naughty little girls, when they felt sure that there was no danger that either would receive any injury, and when, if you changed their clothes, you could not half the time distinguish between the sexes?

One illustration used in Dr. Wyman's argument we think that teachers have a right to complain of. Why did he introduce the horrible story of a woman, now a patient in an asylum, made insane by blows inflicted with a heavy ruler on her head by a brute in human form who called himself a teacher? We cannot suspect him of wishing to excite unjust odium against teachers; yet he must have known that his story would do it. We once knew of a man, who called himself a physician, who, out of malice, because he had not been employed to perform the operation, had a tourniquet, which he happened to own, taken from the limb of a man who had been severely injured. The man bled to death before another could be found. Would Dr. Wyman like to have such a brute brought forward as an illustration of the danger of trusting the medical profession? Yet it would be just as fair as his own.

Again, Dr. Wyman discriminates between the pain inflicted by a surgeon and that inflicted by a teacher, that the former is not inflicted for its own sake,

while the latter is. As well might he say that the Judge sends the criminal to prison for the sake of sending him to prison, and not for the protection and good order of society. Corporal punishment is sometimes necessary and proper as an agent of reformation for the offender himself; but it is the lowest and weakest of all such agents. But it *is* necessary, as a police regulation, for the preservation of the efficiency and good order of schools, as schools are at present constituted — necessary to preserve the rights and protect the interests, not only of the children who do, but of the children who will never need it.

The conclusions drawn by Dr. Wyman from official documents respecting the disuse of corporal punishment in German schools are directly contradicted by the testimony of careful observers, and notably by that of the Rev. Wm. L. Gage, who has recently had ample opportunity to obtain an *inside* view of German schools. We believe that the Doctor may be more nearly right in regard to the schools of Holland, the best in Europe.

We have had exceptionally good opportunities, as our readers can understand, of ascertaining the opinions of teachers on this subject during the excitement which has been prevailing. With the fewest possible exceptions, those opinions are expressed by the resolution passed by the Institute. The advocates for the immediate abolition of corporal punishment are all men who never kept school in their lives — governors and clergymen, physicians and professors of zoology, men of kind hearts and impulsive feelings, but men wholly ignorant of practical teaching. When a natural history professor comes down to a caucus and says, "I have taught thirty years and never struck a blow," it is much as if the respected minister of the First Church of Cambridge were also to come and say, "I, too, have taught thirty years and have never yet whipped one of my congregation." We do think that men holding such positions should be very careful how they add to the toils and anxieties of a profession far more wearing than their own by such random and unmeaning assertions.

It is a curious question how it is that such an excitement on the subject could have been so suddenly created. That, in some quarters, there has been too much corporal punishment, we are not at all disposed to deny; but that does not seem sufficient to account for the phenomenon. We alluded, in another number, to the secret and unworthy influences that had been at work in Cambridge. That such influences could have had such an effect can be accounted for, in part, we think, by the fact that the present generation of fathers, remembering the thrashings they all received in their boyish days, suppose, when they hear some exaggerated story of whipping, that the same thing goes on universally still. It is the condemnation of the fathers that they do not know more about the schools they send their children to, and are not aware of the change which a generation has produced already in school discipline. If they visited their schools oftener and knew them better, and were more willing to help and show consideration for their teachers, they would not be at the mercy of every designing knave, who, out of malice or to make petty political capital, chooses to blow up an excitement against school teachers.

THE NORMAL SCHOOLS.

We chronicled in our last the graduating exercises at Framingham and Salem. The examination of the WESTFIELD Normal School took place July 18 and 19, and is reported to have been highly satisfactory. We borrow the following from the report of the *Advertiser*, and are glad to add our testimony to the great excellence of the "school of observation" attached to the institution. We wish that all our primary teachers could have an opportunity to see what is accomplished there.

"After the conclusion of the examination, the audience proceeded to the 'school of observation,' just across the street, where some practical illustrations of the Westfield theory of instruction were given, to the evident surprise and interest of the spectators. About sixty pupils were in each department; primary, Miss M. E. Kingsley; intermediate, Miss C. E. Deming; and grammar, Mr. W. H. H. Tuttle and Miss M. E. Roys; and in each room the perfection of discipline and accuracy to which the juveniles had been educated was remarkable. Object teaching has been introduced and practised in these schools with great success.

"The public graduation exercises were held Thursday afternoon in the Second Congregational Church, and were attended by a large and interested audience. After the reading of essays by several of the graduating class, the principal, J. W. DICKINSON, presented his annual report of the institution during the past year. The whole number of attendants was 164, of whom 146 are ladies and 18 gentlemen, and all but 13 came from the New England States. Eighty-four new students have entered during the year and 30 graduates, — 27 ladies and 3 gentlemen. The lecturers have been Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Seelye, Hon. Joseph White, Prof. Atkinson, and Dr. Lowell Mason. Additions have been made to the cabinets, and the whole course of the institution has been one of prosperity. Mr. Dickinson went into the question of corporal punishment at considerable length, justifying its use under proper restrictions and in certain circumstances, and asserting the right and duty of the teacher to maintain at all times control over his pupils.

"The diplomas were then presented to the graduating class, after which Gov. Bullock, Messrs. White, Mason and Seelye made appropriate addresses, and a parting hymn by the graduates and benediction closed the exercises.

"The graduates class, numbering 19, are as follows:

"*Ladies* — Martha W. Boggs, West Springfield; Josephine R. Carrier, Hartwellville, Vt.; Ella E. Catlin, Westfield; Sarah M. Duncan, Shelburne; Ellen A. Ferguson, East Haven, Ct.; L. Adele Howard, Westfield; Abbie L. Lincoln, Warwick; Ada E. Pardee, East Haven, Ct.; Mary E. Robinson, Westfield; Myra L. Rockwell, Westfield; Fannie L. Rogers, Cummington; Mary A. Sadler, Enfield; J. Lizzie Sanderson, South Deerfield; Clara S. Searle, Southampton, E. M. Stevens, Westfield; Martha L. Sumner, Enfield; Rubie S. Watkins, Peru; Susie E. Wheeler, Salem, N. H.

"Gentlemen — Everett W. Conant, Paxton."

The next term of the institution will commence Thursday, September 12, and continue twelve weeks. We shall find room for a portion of Mr. Dickinson's report in our next number.

The examination at BRIDGEWATER took place July 19. The following essays were read by members of the graduating class: "The Ideal and the Real," by Miss Austin; "Walking in the Shadow," by Miss Whitney; "The Study of Ornithology," by Mr. Billings; "The Incentives to Study," by Mr. Hadley; "Vocation from Within," by Miss Richards; "Girls," by Miss Winward. These essays were all creditable to their authors, and several were of a high order of merit.

"Mr. BOYDEN read his annual report, which stated that the whole number of pupils admitted to the school since its establishment is 1,562, of whom 987 have received certificates or diplomas. The average number admitted at each term is 23; the average number of graduates, 15; The number in attendance during the term just closed was 77, of whom 53 were ladies and 24 gentlemen. At the beginning of the term, 17 ladies and 7 gentlemen entered the school. 21 ladies and 16 gentlemen receive State aid. The report stated that important additions have been made to the library, cabinet and other school apparatus, during the term. It is proposed to give the study of natural history a still more prominent place in future. The past term has been prosperous in the good attendance and general health of the students. Allusion was made, as in former reports, to the fact that the number of graduates of the school is not sufficient to supply the demand for teachers; and the causes of the small attendance were stated to be the small compensation given to teachers, the increased expense of preparation for teaching, and the introduction of pupils direct from the public schools, as teachers. The report commended the cheerful obedience, industry, and earnest and successful study of the pupils, and the hearty co-operation of the assistant teachers.

"At the close of the reading of the report, a well-written and feeling valedictory address was read by Mr. Ring, of the graduating class."

The following are the names of the graduates: Josephine C. Austin, Norton; Mary E. Baldwin, Foxborough; Isabella F. Crapo, Bridgewater; Ellen Hayward, Plympton; Harriet A. Holbrook, Joppa Village; Emma M. Packard, West Bridgewater; Alice Richards, East Bridgewater; Alice Sanders, Fall River; Mary P. C. Whitney, Southborough; Lizzie A. Winward, Fall River; John D. Billings, Canton; Darius Hadley, Chicopee Falls; Albert F. Ring, Lowell; Eugene Sanford, East Bridgewater.

Female Suffrage.—We are far from being a follower of the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, but we go heart and hand with him in his advocacy of the claim of woman to an equality with man in the political and social organization under which both must live. The one measure which will give a value to education in a girl's eyes, will be to give her the same motives to educate herself

that her brother has. Till she has a motive to study as he does, she will prefer crochet-work and the piano, and will continue, spite of schools, as empty-headed, as unreasoning, and as frivolous as so many girls are now; or she will settle into the contented or discontented domestic drudge that so many more become. Can any one give a good reason why intelligent women — or women who might be taught to be intelligent — should be obliged to stay at home while every illiterate Irishman is allowed to go the polls? Can any one say why depositing a vote in a ballot-box is any more "unfeminine" than depositing a letter in the post-office? True, the ineffable abominations which disgrace our politics are unfeminine — but so they are *unmanly* just as much. It is a disgrace to the *manhood* of Americans to have a base knave in the presidential chair, to have gamblers, ruffians and Copperheads in Congress; and we believe that, by the quiet vote of women, even as women are now, such abominations might be prevented. Women would never have made Andrew Johnson President, or sent John Morrissey and Fernando Wood and James Brooks to Washington.

Why do so many women prefer the letter which describes the doings of the vile court of the French emperor to any other column in the newspaper, or read Madame Demorest's *Journal of the Fashions*, while they cannot read the *North American Review*, or bedizen themselves with beads and gewgaws, while men have learned to go soberly and plainly dressed? It is because they are excluded from their fair share of those solemn responsibilities which belong to us all as human beings, and which are God's plan of education for another life. It is not so much in the light of a right as of a duty that a participation in political action should be looked upon by men as well as by women. For what is political action, or what should it be? Not a vile scramble for place and power, but a taking part in the management of the great common interests of society. And who can say that women have not as great an interest in their right management as men? And who can say that they *can* be managed worse than they are managed by men alone? Could any deeper tints be added to the blackness of the picture of the official and judicial corruption of New York city by the admission of the women, even of New York, to the privilege of a vote?

While the inevitable progress of society has taken away from woman the safeguards which the old patriarchal system and the mediæval system of chivalry threw around her, it has not yet given her full power to protect herself. We no longer deny to woman the possession of intellect; we only forbid her to exercise its powers or reap its fruits. We build colleges and universities for boys, and at their end we put the prospect of sober and earnest work. We build fashionable boarding-schools for girls, and at their end we put worsted-work and Miss Bradon's novels! What wonder that we have the destitution of needle-women and the frightful vice of great cities!

If there is any cause which appeals to the manliness of manly men we think it is this. The cant about "strong-minded females" can only come from *unmanly* men. That women can be conceited may be admitted, but we never heard that the fault was confined to their sex. The part which they are destined to take in

the social life of the future may safely be left to determine itself,—it is for us to give them their rights.

The following is the letter of Mr. Mill to the Secretary of the Kansas State Impartial Suffrage Association :

BLACKHEATH PARK, Kent, England, June 2, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—Being one who takes as deep and as continuous an interest in the political, moral and social progress of the United States as if he were himself an American citizen, I hope I shall not be thought intrusive if I express to you as the executive organ of the Impartial Suffrage Association, the deep joy I felt on learning that both branches of the Legislature of Kansas had by large majorities proposed for the approval of your citizens an amendment to your Constitution, abolishing the unjust political privileges of sex at one and the same stroke with the kindred privilege of color.

We are accustomed to see Kansas foremost in the struggle for the equal claims of all human beings to freedom and citizenship. I shall never forget with what profound interest I and others who felt with me, watched every incident of the preliminary civil war in which your noble State, then only a Territory, preceded the great nation, of which it is a part, in shedding its blood to arrest the extension of Slavery.

Kansas was the herald and protagonist of the memorable contest which, at the cost of so many heroic lives, has admitted the African race to the blessings of freedom and education ; and she is now taking the same advanced position in the peaceful but equally important contest, which, by relieving half the human race from artificial disabilities, belonging to the ideas of a past age, will give a new impulse and improved character to the career of social and moral progress now opening for mankind. If your citizens, next November, give effect to the enlightened views of your Legislature, history will remember that one of the youngest States in the civilized world has been the first to adopt a measure of liberation destined to extend all over the earth, and to be looked back to (as is my fixed conviction) as one of the most fertile in beneficial consequences of all the improvements yet effected in human affairs. I am, Sir, with the warmest wishes for the prosperity of Kansas,

Yours very truly,

J. STUART MILL.

To S. N. WOOD, Topeka, Kansas, U. S. A.

A mislaid report of one of last winter's Teachers' Meetings, which we had in type to come in here, must be reserved for our next. It is too good to be lost, and will not hurt by keeping.

Connecticut.—We have received the "Annual Report of the Board of Education of the State of Connecticut, together with the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board," and it is in many respects a dismal and disheartening document. The idea is painful, that in this year 1867 there should be a New Eng-

land State in which the doctrine can be maintained by any considerable body of men, that the public school system is only fit to educate paupers, and that the main reliance must be upon private schools, or that there should be a legislature in a New England State that could refuse an appropriation to maintain a Normal School already established; — "a disgrace," as Dr. Barnard rightly says in his recent address before the National Academy of Science, "to the legislative body of any civilized country." We do not wonder that Connecticut is full of Copperheads and sympathizers with rebellion, and we wonder less when we come to read the lamentable reports from town committees. We will give our readers a few specimens:

Berlin. — "The people seem to avoid the school-room as they would the pest-house," *Bristol.* — "We observe with alarm that in some of our districts not one-half of the children between four and sixteen are in school any part of the year."

Canton. — "Five of the eight school-houses are a disgrace to the districts in which they stand, and a source of mortification to every enterprising citizen in the town." *Lyme.* — "No well regulated and respectable families would have such seats for their children at their homes, where they sit only a little while at a time, as they require them to sit upon hours together at their schools; and many a man will have a barn better fitted for its purposes than the place of learning is for the education of his children."

Old Saybrook. — "In looking over a period of years we can hardly resist the conviction that the character and attainments of our schools have not been advanced on the whole, but have rather fallen off."

Westbrook. — "I would like to do what I can to advance the educational interests of the town, but 'the bones are very dry,' and I really cannot afford to hire a horse and spend half a day in visiting a school five miles off for sixty-two cents." *Stratford.* — "There seems to be a lack of interest on the part of parents and others in regard to the condition and welfare of the schools, and the interest seems to grow less and less from one year to another."

We might quote much more. Prof. Gilman has done a useful, if an unpleasant duty, in revealing this state of things, and his remedy is the only remedy. "The school should be, like the road, the common, the court of justice, the post-office, *open to all*. Without the education of the people all our institutions which depend on the education of the voters will be imperilled. *In no country in the world have private schools proved adequate to the instruction of the people.*"

We do not know that Connecticut is the only New England State that needs new educational life. We sometimes think that Massachusetts is a little too much inclined to rest content with her laurels and talk of Horace Mann. But one thing is certain — there is no lethargy in the great West. Our younger sisters are building school-houses that astonish New Englanders, opening universities free to all without money and without price, and year by year tempting by higher salaries the very best of New England teachers to emigrate to them. It is very clear that these are not precisely the times when New England can afford to go to sleep over educational matters. As sure as she does that she will sink into a wholly secondary place among the States of the Union.

OBITUARY.

[It will be safe to assign the following tribute to a venerable and well-known scholar to the pen of her fellow-townsmen, RALPH WALDO EMERSON. We take it from the *Boston Advertiser*.]

Died, in Concord, on the 26th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. RIPLEY, aged 74 years. The death of this lady, widely known and beloved, will be sincerely deplored by many persons scattered in distant parts of the country, who have known her rare accomplishments, and the singular loveliness of her character. A lineal descendant of the first governor of Plymouth colony, she was happily born and bred. Her father, Gamaliel Bradford, was a sea-captain of marked ability, with heroic traits which old men will still remember, and though a man of action, yet adding a taste for letters. Her brothers were scholars, so that from childhood up she lived in an atmosphere of science and literature. Her own taste for study was even more decided, and she enjoyed from youth to age unusual advantages for gratifying it. Her brothers early inspired her with a love of botany, which endured as long as life. Her sympathy with her studies also made her acquainted with the genius of the French physiologists, Bichat and Biot, and with the chemists Lavoisier and Fourcroy, so that no one better appreciated the new nomenclature. At a time when perhaps no other young woman read Greek, she acquired the language with ease, and read Plato, adding soon the advantage of German commentators.

After her marriage, when her husband, long the well-known clergyman of Waltham, received boys in his house to be fitted for college, she assumed the advanced instruction in Greek and Latin, and did not fail to turn it to account by extending her studies in the literature of both languages. It soon happened, that students from Cambridge were put under her private instruction and oversight. If the young men shared her delight in the book, she was interested at once to lead them to higher steps, and more difficult but not less engaging authors, and they soon learned to prize the new world of thought and history thus opened. Her best pupils became her lasting friends. * She became one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and continued, in recent years, the habit of reading Homer, the tragedians, and Plato. But her studies took a wide range in mathematics, in natural philosophy, in psychology, in theology, as well as in ancient and modern literature.

She had always a keen ear open to whatever new facts astronomy, chemistry, or the theories of light and heat, had to furnish. She had so vast a curiosity,

* "The veriest scape-grace," adds a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, "was subdued to thoughtfulness, the most hopeless dullard caught a gleam of light; her faith in their intuitions and capabilities lifted them and shamed or encouraged them to efforts impossible under another instructor; for she did not merely impart instruction, she educated all the powers of the mind and heart. Many scholars now eminent can date their first glimpse of the region above, their first venture upon the steep path, to the loving enthusiasm, the cheering assurances of this inspired teacher and friend; and they who fainted or strayed without fulfilling her confident predictions must look back with astonishment at this brilliant epoch of their lives, and regret that her influence could not have been extended over a longer period."

that it made little difference what book or department was offered. Any knowledge, all knowledge was welcome. The thirst for knowledge would not let her sleep. Her stores increased day by day. She was absolutely without pedantry. Nobody ever heard of her learning until a necessity came for its use, and then nothing could be more simple than her solution of the problem proposed to her. Her studies so occupied her, that she naturally preferred the society of men, as usually the better scholars; and the most intellectual gladly conversed with one whose knowledge, however rich and varied, was always with her only the means of new acquisition. Meantime, her mind was purely receptive. She had no ambition to propound a theory, or to write her own name on any book, or plant, or opinion. Her delight in books was not tainted by any wish to shine, or any appetite for praise or influence. She seldom and unwillingly used a pen, and only for necessity or affection.

But this wide and successful study was, during all the years of middle life, only the work of hours stolen from sleep, or was combined with some household task which occupied the hands and left the eyes free. She was faithful to all the duties of wife and mother in a well-ordered and eminently hospitable household, wherein she was dearly loved, and where "her heart life's lowliest duties on itself did lay." She was not only the most amiable, but the tenderest of women, wholly sincere, thoughtful for others, and, though careless of appearances, submitting with docility to the better arrangements which her children or friends insisted on supplementing to her own negligence of dress: for her own part, indulging her children without stint, assured that their own reflection, as it opened, would supply all needed checks.

She was absolutely without a disposition to any vice, no appetite for luxury or display or praise or influence, with entire indifference to trifles. Not long before her marriage, one of her intimate friends in the city, whose family were removing, proposed to her to go with her to the new house, and, taking some articles in her own hand, by way of trial artfully put into her hand a broom, whilst she kept her in free conversation on some speculative points, and this she faithfully carried across Boston Common, from Summer Street to Hancock Street, without hesitation or remark.

Though entirely domestic in her habit and inclination, she was everywhere a welcome visitor and a favorite of society, when she rarely entered it. The elegance of her tastes commended her to the elegant, who were swift to distinguish her, as they found her simple manners faultless. With her singular simplicity and purity, — such that society could not spoil, nor much affect, — she was only entertained by it, and really went into it, as children into a theatre, to be diverted, whilst her ready sympathy enjoyed whatever beauty of person, manners, or ornaments, it had to show. If there was conversation, if there was thought or learning, her interest was commanded, and she gave herself up to the happiness of the hour.

As she advanced in life, her personal beauty, not remarked in her youth, drew the notice of all, and age brought no fault but the sudden decay or eclipse of her intellectual powers.

E.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By Lewis Carroll: with forty-two Illustrations by John Tenniel. 16mo, pp. 192. London printed. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Was there ever such a charming bit of nonsense as this! It is better even than our and the children's prime favorites, Mr. Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*, and Mr. Kingsley's *Water-Babies*. There are two things we like — downright sense and downright nonsense. "Studies made Easy," "Science in Sport," and goody little moral tales, sugar-coated pills and all sorts of false pretences are simple abominations. Let children be taught to work when they do work, and let their amusements be equally sincere. No one has so sharp an eye for all kinds of humbug as a bright child, and no one will sooner resent all attempts at imposition. So we are for the good old fashioned style of story-books — Jack the Giant-Killer, *Forty Thieves* and all. But, alas! people don't often write such books now. They seem to think that the proper food for the youthful mind is, — twaddle. It rejoices our heart, therefore, to meet such a charmingly absurd little book as this, adorned with such admirably drawn and delightfully funny pictures. Never did a child get into such odd company or meet such strange adventures as dear, solemn-looking little Alice, — the Dodo and the Cheshire Cat who vanishes from the branch of the tree, leaving nothing behind him but his grin, and all the rest. And then poor little Alice's vain attempts to remember things right amid her strange surroundings! —

"'I can't remember things as I used,' said Alice, 'and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!'

"'Can't remember *what* things?' said the caterpillar.

"'Well! I've tried to say, "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different,' Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

["This was how it came:

"'How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

"'How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!']

"'Repeat "You are old, Father William,"' said the caterpillar.

"Alice folded her hands, and began:

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head, —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

"'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure that I've none,
Why, I do it again and again.'"

We wish we could reproduce the whole, with its very funny illustrations, and the Mad Tea-party, and the Queen of Hearts, with her extraordinary game of croquet; but we must make room for the Mock Turtle's account of his Education. The mock turtle is very unhappy that he isn't a real turtle, which he is, all but his calf's head and feet.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old turtle. We used to call him "Tortoise.""

"Why did you call him "Tortoise," if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him "Tortoise" because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull." . . .

"We had the best of educations; in fact we went to school every day."

"I've been to a day-school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice; "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not," said Alice, indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle, in a tone of great relief. "Now, at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, "French, music and washing — extra.""

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice, "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision." I never heard of "Uglification," Alice ventured to say; "what is it?" The Gryphon lifted up its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?" "Yes," said Alice, doubtfully, "it means — to — make — anything — prettier." "Well then," the Gryphon went on, "if you do not know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton." [How much like school teaching we have all heard in our day!] Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it; so she turned to the Mock Turtle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, — "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it to you myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff, and the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadm't time," said the Gryphon; "I went to the classical master though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

" 'I never went to him,' the Mock Turtle said, with a sigh; 'he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.'

The games are as extraordinary as the studies, and they end with a dance and a song.

"So the pair began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly :

" 'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,

'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?

Will you, wont you, will you, wont you, will you join the dance?

Will you, wont you, will you, wont you, *wont* you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,

When they take us up and throw us with the lobsters out to sea!

But the snail replied, Too far! too far! and gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he wouldn't join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance;

Would not, could not, would not, could not, *could not* join the dance."

Unfortunately the little book, elegantly printed in England, costs two dollars and a half. We wish some publisher would make a cheap edition, but we hope, if he does, he will not spoil the admirably funny pictures.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1864, by Isaac I. Hayes, M.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 387.

This handsome second edition of Dr. Hayes' narrative, with its pictures and maps, is just the book to give a boy, or to put into a school or village library.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. New York: Harpers. 8vo.

We do not know what we shall do. To be deprived at one fell blow of all the agreeable and entertaining friends we have been familiar with through so many novels, is very distressing, and we can hardly forgive Mr. Trollope; for we know we shall never like his new people half so well as our old friends, — Dean Arabin and Dr. Grantley and Bishop Proudie and old Lady Lufton, Lily Dale (we are glad she didn't marry Johnny Eames, though we thought Mr. Trollope would be weak enough to let her. We know she will make a charming old maid), and Mr. Crawley, a character quite above Mr. Trollope's ordinary level, and Grace and all the rest.

Mr. Trollope writes an excellent English style, and his novels, though never great or profound, are always life-like and enjoyable, and, as English critics assure us, are excellent pictures of modern English life. This is one of his very best. The illustrations are extremely good.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. In three volumes. Vol. I. Containing the Causes of the War and the Events Preparatory to it, up to the close of President Buchanan's Administration. 8vo, pp. 567. New York: Harpers.

The remarkable work of Mr. Buckle which startled the reading world a few years ago, though its paradoxes were not, and never will be, generally accepted,

yet did a great service by making prominent neglected aspects of the truth and neglected elements in the philosophy of History. It did not convert the world to historic fatalism, or prove that physical influences rule the progress of events; but it did show, that physical influences had been too much neglected, and that the character of the planet on which man lives, and the varying influences of the material laws that govern it, could not be overlooked by the philosophic historian. Dr. Draper, in his recently published History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, and in the present volume, shows himself a writer of the school of Buckle, and is valuable in the same way and to the same extent. We do not believe his thesis that "the national life of the American people has been influenced by *uncontrollable* causes," or that "societies advance in a preordained and *inevitable* course." We do not believe that slavery was the mere result of climate or the physical conformation of the Southern States. It was born of the sin and wickedness of man, — a wickedness for which the nation was responsible before God, and which has brought upon it a stern and righteous retribution, — by the inevitable working of great laws doubtless, but of *moral*, and not physical laws. We believe that man, as he is a moral and intellectual being, is master of his situation, not that his situation is master of him; and that, as nations are but aggregates of such beings, they are never at the mercy of soil or climate, forced to commit a wickedness because the wind blows east, or the mountains have a southern slope, or the soil is composed of lime and not of granite. Men were meant to be honest in spite of isothermal lines, and the configuration of the Atlantic slope is as conducive to morality as the configuration of the Mississippi basin.

Any philosophy of history, therefore, which attempts to shift man's responsibility for his own wickedness over upon nature's laws, or even maintains, as Mr. Buckle endeavored so unsuccessfully to maintain, that human progress is measured simply by man's intellectual and not his moral improvement, is in our view fundamentally false. And yet Mr. Buckle and his school do a service by pointing out, even if they exaggerate, the influence on the world's history of the physical characteristics of man's dwelling-place, the properties and scenery, as it were, of the stage on which the historical drama is acted. So we are very glad to have Dr. Draper, in telling the story of the slaveholders' abortive rebellion, go back, not merely to Columbus and Noah's Ark, but far back of them to the history of the geological formation of the crust of America, for the beginnings of his story; for the geological formation and the climatic influences of the continent are doubtless elements influencing the history of the country. Slavery was not born of climatic influence, or geological conformation — did not die of them. It was born of wickedness in the heart of man, and nourished by his tyranny and his greed. It was swept from the earth by the growth and final uprising of the moral sense of the nation which will soon sweep its miserable relics into complete oblivion.

We believe, therefore, that Dr. Draper's philosophy of history is wrong — but inasmuch as it makes prominent, if it exaggerates the importance of considerations which are apt to be too much overlooked by other writers, and as Dr. Draper is a very able man, his book will prove valuable and interesting reading.

CHEMISTRY OF THE FARM AND THE SEA, with other Familiar Chemical Essays. By James R. Nichols, M. D. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 16mo, pp. 123. On Food, by Dr. Edwin Lankester. On the Uses of Animals, by the same. Announced by A. Simpson & Co., New York.

These are the kind of books which we hope to see multiplied for the benefit of common-school teachers. Such teachers are often deterred from attempting any sort of instruction in science or natural history by the fact that they have never themselves had regular systematic instruction in such branches. They should understand that there is a vast field of practical elementary information, of the utmost importance and utmost value to teacher and pupil, which requires only common intelligence and good sense to master without any technical training at all. The specialist in science cannot be too thorough or too scientific; but that need not bar common people from the wide field of general information, or from reaping the practical fruits of the seed which the man of science sows. We will not call the reading or study of such little books as these the study of chemistry — the proper study of chemistry can only be pursued in a well-appointed laboratory, and is a very serious business indeed. We will call this Reading, or the acquirement of Useful Information, or by whatever other name is more suitable. But we believe that the majority of teachers, as teachers are commonly situated, would do far better to limit their endeavors to the imparting of such information than to launch into the study of chemistry in a manner that can only be thoroughly carried out in a college or a scientific school. To gather such practical information is not to be a smatterer. He is the smatterer who attempts an ambitious scientific course, and only half carries it out. And, on the other hand, nothing would add more to the value and interest of elementary schools, even of primary schools, than the introduction of a knowledge of the wonders and beauties of science by ways which are perfectly open to every teacher who has ordinary intelligence and a conscientious desire to improve himself by reading.

There is a special art required in popularizing science successfully. It is better that elementary books should *not* be too systematic. The attempts to make text-books for children by cutting down larger treatises always prove failures. If we wanted to interest children in natural history, we would begin with anything rather than a dry classification. We would read to them from the old *Journal of a Naturalist*, or Rennie's *Insect Architecture*, or good old Kirby and Spence, or the charming description of birds in Wilson's *Ornithology*, or that classic White's *Selborne*. We wish we could name American books instead, but Dr. Harris's treatise on *Insects*, and the recently published *Ornithology* of Mr. Samuels ought to be, at least, in every town library. So we have always valued highly the *Chemistry of Common Life* of the late Prof. Johnston, and have wondered that the admirable popular lectures by Dr. Edwin Lankester, were not reprinted before. Our English brethren are far in advance of us in successful efforts at popularizing science. When shall we sustain such an institution as the Industrial Museum at South Kensington, or the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew? The very catalogue of the latter is an instructive text-book.